Stray

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by Nightcrawler247

Summary

Young Hannibal is camping in the woods, and roasting fresh hunter over his camp fire, when feral child Will comes to him from the woods.

After seeing how well the wild and small child takes to human meat, Hannibal decides to take him home.

As you do.

Notes

tag ideas are welcome

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal moved over quickly to the door when he heard knocking.

He opened it to be met with his plumber.

"You call for matienance?" He asked and Hannibal nodded and moved aside.

"Please come in." Hannibal said, the man nodded in agreement and with a polite smile walked in.

"It's your garbage disposal right?" The man asked as he came in. Hannibal nodded in agreement as he led the man to the kitchen.

"Yes, last time I flicked the switch there was some loud clanking and now there doesn't seem to be any noise at all." Hannibal explained as he moved over to the sink. Turning around when he heard the man put down his tool. He looked up to see his little adorable monster standing on a stool behind him, meat skewers in hand and a stern intense look on his small round face as he prepared to plunge it into the man's neck.

Hannibal's eyes blinked rapidly in surprise. He'd completely forgotten to warn the boy they'd be having company over. Real company for the first time and *not* people Hannibal has tricked into his kitchen for an easier clean up. He gave Will, that's what he'd chosen to name the feral child, a hard look. The still mute child looked up at him expectantly waiting for the cue to strike. Instead Hannibal just shook his head.

Will frowned and motioned to stab once again, confused why Hannibal was telling him no. Hannibal gave him a stern look and firmer shake of his head. He *really* needed his sink fixed.

Will huffed annoyed, much like a disgruntled puppy. Then without care he dropped the clatter silver tools to the floor and climbed down from his stool. Hannibal sighed to himself when he saw the plumber jump and watch as the small boy just casually walked back out the kitchen. Disappearing into the halls. Both of them watching him go. Hannibal thinking to himself he'd have to make it up tot eh boy for spoiling his fun and figure out how to explain that not *everyone* was okay for killing.

"Your boy?" The plumber asked Hannibal curiously. looking at the young man questioningly. He seemed a little young to have a child that old. Hannibal himself seemingly no more then early twenties and the boy anywhere from six to eleven. It was hard to tell when he were just watching him leave and walk away quickly.

Hannibal smiled fondly at the word. He rather like that. *His* boy.

"Yes, he is."

End Notes

Comments are Love!

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